

### CIFT OF

Mad. I. I. Aiken









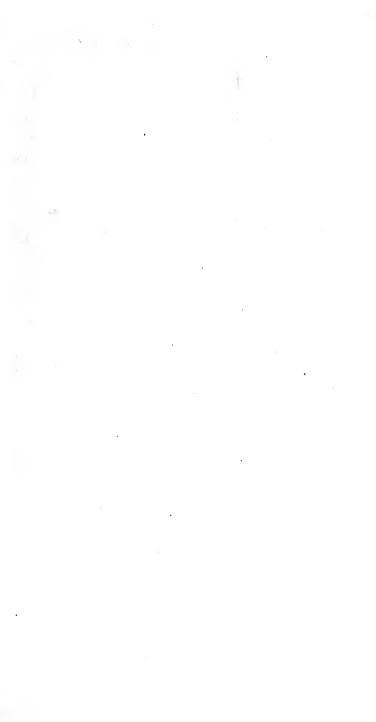
RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM \*THE ASTRO= NOMER POET OF PERSIA \* DONE INTO ENGLISH BY EDULARD # FITZ GERALD

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# PREFACE





MAR WAS ONE OF THE MOST remarkable, as well as the most distinguished, of the poets of Persia, at the latter end of the twelfth century. He was altogether unprecedented in regard to the freedom of his religious opinions; or, rather, his boldness in denouncing hypocrisy and intolerance, and the enlightened views he took of the fanaticism and mistaken devotion of his countrymen. He may be called the Voltaire of Persia, though his writings are not calculated to shock European notions so much as those of the followers of the Prophet. The priests were his great enemies, and he was peculiarly hated by false devotees, whose arts he exposed. His indulgence to other creeds gave great offence, and his liberty of speech drew down upon him continued censure; yet was he extremelypopular, and his compositions were read with avidity by those who did not come under the head of bigots, and the admiration of this class consoled him for the enmity of the other.

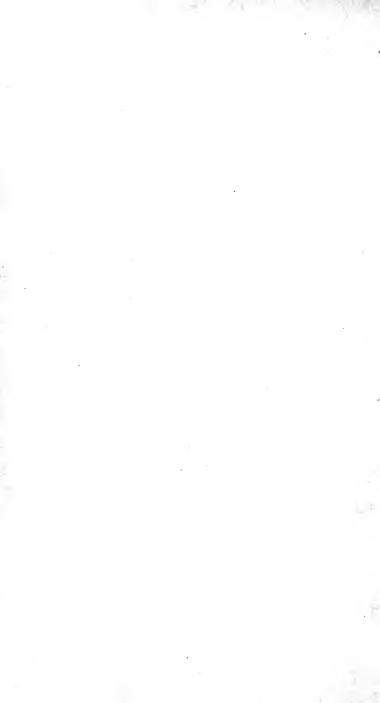
He was born at Nishapur, and devoted much of his time to the study of astronomy, of which science he was a learned professor; but it is asserted by his ill-wishers, that instead of his studies leading him to the acknowledgment of the power of the Supreme Being, they prompted him to disbelief. The result of his reflections on this important subject is given in a poem of his, much celebrated, under the title of Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

He was the friend of Hassan Sabah, the founder of the sect of the Assassins; and it has been conjectured, assisted him in the establishment of his diabolical doctrines and fellowship. Some allowance must, however, be made for the prejudices of his historians, who would, of course, neglect nothing calculated to cast odium on one so inimical to their superstitions.

Omar Khayyám seems particularly to direct his satire against the mysticism of Moasi, and the rest of the Mystic Poets.

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## NOTES ON RUBÁIYÁT OF OM-AR KHAYYÁM BY N. H. DOLE

VERSE II. The "False Dawn"; Subhi Kázib, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the Subhi sádik, or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the East.

VERSE IV. New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox, it must be remembered; and (howsoever the old Solar Year is practically superseded by the clumsy Lunar Year that dates from the Mohammedan Hijra) still commemorated by a Festival that is said to have been appointed by the very Jamshyd whom Omar so often talks of, and whose yearly Calendar he helped to rectify.

"The sudden approach and rapid advance of the Spring," says Mr Binning, "are very striking. Before the Snow is well off the Ground, the Trees burst into Blossom, and the Flowers start from the Soil. At Naw Rooz (their New Year's Day) the Snow was lying in patches on the Hills and in the shaded Vallies, while the Fruit-trees in the Garden were budding beautifully, and green Plants and Flowers springing upon the Plains on every side—

'And on old Hyems' Chin and icy Crown

'An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds

Is, as in mockery, set-'-

Among the Plants newly appear'd I recognized some Acquaintances I had not seen for many a Year: among these, two varieties of the Thistle; a coarse species of the Daisy, likethe Horse-gowan; red and white Clover; the Dock; the blue Corn-flower; and that vulgar Herb the Dandelion rearing its yellow crest on the Banks of the Water-courses." The Nightingale was not yet heard, for the Rose was not yet blown: but an almost identical Blackbird and Woodpecker helped to make up something of a North-country Spring.

VERSE IV. "THE WHITE HAND OF MOSES." Exodus iv. 6; where Moses draws forth his Hand—not according to the Persians, "leprous as Snow,"—but white, as our May-blossom in Spring perhaps. According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his Breath.

VERSE V. Iram, planted by King Shaddád, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshyd's Seven-ring'd Cup wastypical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c., and was a Divining Cup.

VERSE VI. *Pehlevi*, the old Heroic *Sanskrit* of Persia. Háfiz also speaks of the Nightingale's *Pehlevi*, which did not change with the People's.

VERSE VI. I am not sure if the fourth line refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or to the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all common in Persia. I think that Southey, in his Common-Place Book, quotes from some Spanish author about the Rose being White till 10 o'clock; "Rosa Perfecta" at 2; and "perfecta incarnada" at 5.

VERSE IX. Rustum, the "Hercules" of Persia, and Zál his Father, whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Sháh-náma. Hátim Tai, a well-known type of Oriental Generosity.

VERSE XII. A Drum-beaten outside a Palace.

VERSE XIII. That is, the Rose's Golden Centre.

VERSE XVII. Persepolis: call'd also Takht-i-Jamshyd—The Throne of Jamshyd, "King Splendid," of the mythical Peshdádian Dynasty, and supposed (according to the Sháh-náma) to have been founded and built by him. Others refer it to the Work of the Genie King, Ján Ibn Ján—who also built the Pyramids—before the time of Adam.

BAHRÁM GÚR-Bahrám of the Wild Ass-a Sas-

sanian Sovereign—had also his Seven Castles (like the King of Bohemia!) each of a different Colour; each with a Royal Mistress within; each of whom tells him a Story, as told in one of the most famous Poems of Persia, written by Amír Khusraw; all these Sevens also figuring (according to Eastern Mysticism) the Seven Heavens; and perhaps the Book itselfthat Eighth, into which the mystical Seven transcend, and within which they revolve. The Ruins of Three of those Towers are yet shown by the Peasantry; as also the Swamp in which Bahrám sunk, like the Master of Ravenswood while pursuing his Gúr.

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw.

And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew—

I saw the solitary Ringdove there,

And "Coo, coo, coo, shecried; and "Coo, coo, coo."

This Quatrain Mr Binning found, among several of Háfiz and others, inscribed by some stray hand among the ruins of Persepolis. The Ringdove's ancient Pehlevi Coo, Coo, Coo, signifies also in Persian "Where? Where? Where?" In Attár's "Bird-parliament" she is reproved by the Leader of the Birds for sitting still, and for ever harping on that one note of lamentation for her lost Visuf.

Apropos of Omar's RedRoses in Stanza xix, I am reminded of an old English Superstition, that our Anemone Pulsatilla, or purple "Pasque Flower," (which grows plentifully about the Fleam Dyke, near Cambridge), grows only where Danish Blood has been spilt.

VERSE XX. A thousand years to each Planet.

VERSEXXXI. Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven.

VERSE XXXII. ME-AND-THEE: some dividual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole.

VERSEXXXVI. One of the Persian Poets—Attár, I think—has a pretty story about this. A thirsty Traveller

dips his hand into a Spring of Water to drink from. By-and-by comes another who draws up and drinks from an earthen Bowl, and then departs, leaving his Bowl behind him. The first Traveller takes it up for another draught; but is surprised to find that the same Water which had tasted sweet from his own hand tastes bitter from the earthen Bowl. But a Voice—from Heaven, I think—tells him the clay from which the Bowl is made was once Man; and, into whatever shape renew'd, can never lose the bitter flavour of Mortality.

VERSE XLI. A Jest, of course, at his Studies. A curious mathematical Quatrain of Omar's has been pointed out to me; the more curious because almost exactly parallel'd by some Verses of Doctor Donne's, that are quoted in Izaak Walton's Lives! Here is Omar: "You and I are the image of a pair of compasses; though we have two heads (sc. our feet) we have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads (sc. feet) together at the end." Dr Donne:

If we be two, we two are so
As stiff twin-compasses are two;
Thy Soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but does if the other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such thou must be to me, who must Like the other foot obliquely run; Thy firmness makes my circle just, And me to end where I begun.

VERSE XLIII. The Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World, *including* Islamism, as some think; but others not.

VERSE XLIII. The custom of throwing a little Wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia, and perhaps generally in the East. Monsieur Nicolas considers it "un signe de libéralité, et en même temps un avertissement que le buveur doit vider sa coupe jusqu'à la derniére goutte." Is it not more likely an ancient Superstition; a Libation to propitiate Earth, or make her an Accomplice in the illicit Revel? Or, perhaps to divert the Jealous Eye by some sacrifice of superfluity, as with the Ancients of the West? With Omar we see something more is signified; the precious Liquor is not lost, but sinks into the ground to refresh the dust of some poor Wine-worshipper foregone.

Thus Háfiz, copying Omar in so many ways: "When thou drinkest Wine pour a draught on the ground. Wherefore fear the Sin which brings to another Gain?"

VERSE XLIV. Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its dark people.

VERSE XLVI. Fánúsi khiyál, a Magic-lanthorn still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lighty poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted Candle within.

VERSE XLVIII. According to one beautiful Oriental Legend, Azräel accomplishes his mission by holding to the nostril an Apple from the Tree of Life.

VERSE L. A very mysterious Line in the Original:
O dánad O dánad O dánad O——

breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off.

VERSE LIV. Parwin and Mushtari—the Pleiads and Jupiter.

VERSE LX. This Relation of Pot and Potter to Man and his Maker figures far and wide in the Literature of the World, from the time of the Hebrew Prophets to the present; when it may finally take the name of "Pot

theism," by which Mr. Carlyle ridiculed Sterling's "Pantheism." My Sheikh whose knowledge flows in

from all quarters, writes to me-

"Apropos of old Omar's Pots, did I ever tell you the sentence I found in 'Bishop Pearson on the Creed?' 'Thus are we wholly at the disposal of His will, and our present and future condition framed and ordered by His free, but wise and just, decrees. Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? (Rom. ix. 21.) And can that earth artificer have a freer power over his brother potsherd (both being made of the same metal), than God hath over him, who, by the strange fecundity of His omnipotent power, first made the clay out of nothing, and then him out of that?"

And again—from a very different quarter—"I had to refer the other day to Aristophanes, and came by chance on a curious Speaking-pot story in the Vespæ,

which I had quite forgotten.

(l. 1435)

Φιλοκλέων. " $\Lambda$ κουε, μη φεῦγ' εν Συβάρει γυνή ποτε κατέαξ έχινον.

Κατήγορος. Ταθτ' έγω μαρτύρομαι.

Φι, Ούχῖνος οὖν ἔχων τιν' ἐπεμαρτύρατο. ΕΙθ' ἡ Συβαρῖτις εἶπεν ἐι ναὶ τὰν κόραν τὴν μαρτυρίαν ταύτην ἐἀσας, ἐν τάχει ἐπίδεσμον ἐπρίω, νοῦν ἄν εἶχες πλείονα.

"The Pot calls a bystander to be a witness to his bad treatment. The woman says, 'If, by Proserpine, instead of all this "testifying" (comp. Cuddie and his mother in "Old Mortality!") you would buy yourself arivet, it would show more sense in you! The Scholiast explains eschinus as άγγος τι ἐκ κεράμου."

One more illustration for the oddity's sake from the

"Autobiography of a Cornish Rector," by the late James Hamley Tregenna. 1871.

"There was one old Fellow in our Company—he was so like a Figure in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' that Richard always called him the 'ALLEGORY,' with a long white beard—a rare Appendage in those days—and a Face the colour of which seemed to have been baked in, like the Faces one used to see on Earthenware Jugs. In our Country-dialect Earthenware is called 'Clome'; so the Boys of the Village used to shout out after him—'Go back to the Potter, Old Clome-face, and get baked over again.' For the 'Allegory,' though shrewd enough in most things, had the reputation of being 'saift-baked,' i.e., of weak intellect."

VERSE LXVI. At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán (which makes the Mussulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse of the New Moon (who rules their division of the Year), is looked for with the utmost anxiety, and hailed with Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter's Knot may be heard—toward the Cellar. Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about the same Moon—

"Be of Good Cheer—the sullen Month will die,

"And a young Moon requite us by and by:

"Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan

"With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!"





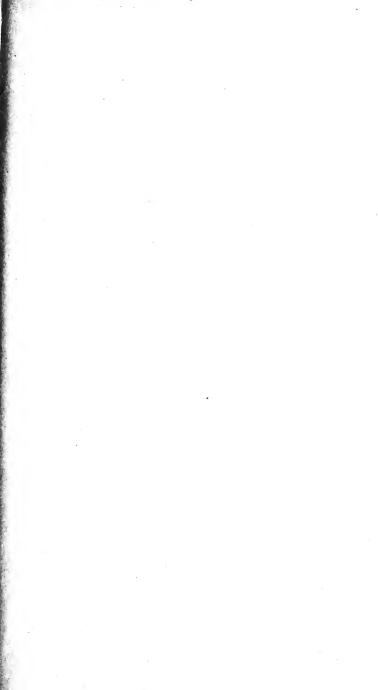


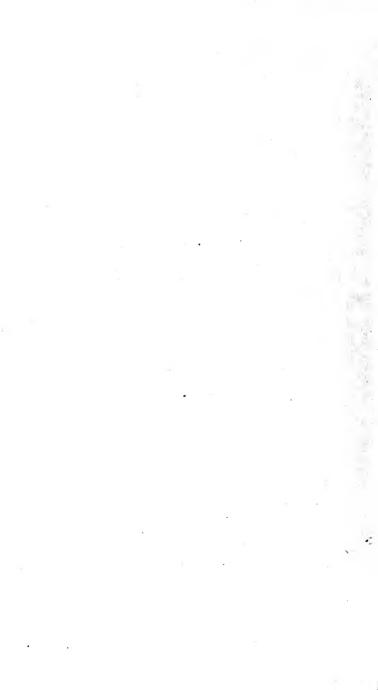
WAKE! for Morning in the Bowl of Night \* Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Hight: \* And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught \* The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.\*

REAMING when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky \* Theard a Voice within the Tavern cry, \* \* Awake my little ones, and fill the Cup Mr M Before Life's Liquor in it's Cup be dry. \*

ND, as the Ock crew, those who stood before \*\* \* The Tavern shouted-"Open then the Door! "You know how little while we have to stay, ....And, once departed, may return no more."

reviving old Desires, \* The thoughtful Soul to solitude retires,\* \*Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough & Puts out, & Jesus from the Ground suspires.

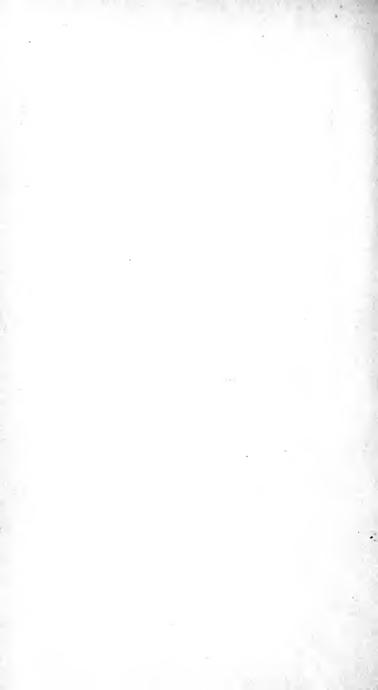












RAM indeed is gone with all its Rose, \* And Jamshýd's Sevinring'd Cup where no one knows: \*\* HE HE \* But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields, \*And still a Garden by the Water blows.

ND Davids Lips are lock't; but in divine Mr High-piping Péhlevi, with Wine! Wine! Wine! \* Red Wine! - the Nighttingale cries to the Rose "That yellow Cheek of hers to incarnadine.

ome, fill \* the Cup, and in the fire of Spring The Winter Garment of Repentance fling: \* \* The Bird of Timehas but alittle way, To fly-and lo! the Bird is on the wing.

ND look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day \* Woke-& a thousand scatter'd into Clay: 446 \* And this first summer Month that brings the Rose \* Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.,

UT come with old Khayyám. and leave the Cot \*\* « Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot: \*\* # set Rustum lay about him as he will, Nor Hátim Tai cry Supper-heed them not.

VITH me along some Strip of Herbage strown \* That just divides the desert from the sown. \* Where name of Slave & Sultán scarce is known, \* And pity Sultán Máhmud on his Throne.

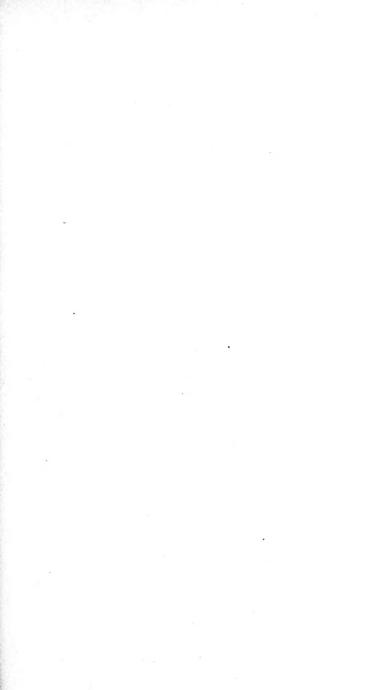
ERE with a Coaf of Bread beneath the Bough, \* A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse - & Thou \* Beside me singing in the Wilderness-& And Wilderness is Paradise enow. \*\*

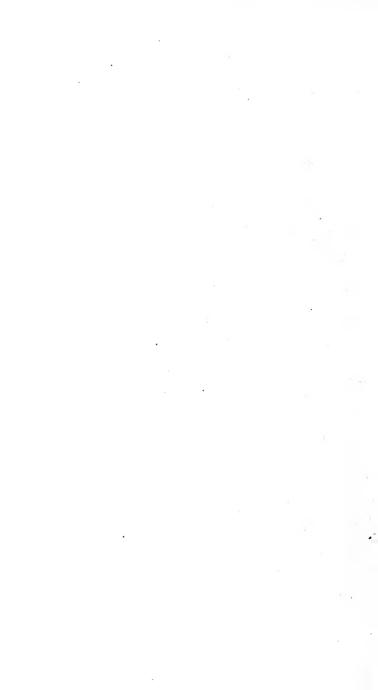
UMLVARED TOF CALIFORNIA LARGERIST

OUI sweet is mortal Sovranty"-think some: & Others-Howblest the Paradise to come!" \* Ah. take the Cash in hand & waive the Rest: \* Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum! \*

OOK to the Rose that blows about us-"[6, \* Laughing", she says, into the World I blow; \* At once the silken Tassel of my Purse "Tear, & its Treasure on the Garden throw."

HE Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon \* Turns Ashes-orit prospers; and anon, # Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face \* # Lighting a little Hour or two-is gone.











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ND those who husbanded the Golden Grain, x \* And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain. \* Alike to no such\_s aureate Earth are turno \* As, buried once, Men want duq up again.\*

HINK, in this batter'd Caravanserai \* \* \* \* Whose Doorways are alternate Night & Day, \* How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp \* Abode his Hour or two, & went his way. \*

HEY say the Lion & the Lizard keep Mr. \* The Courts where Jamshyd gloried & drank \* And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass \* Stamps oer his Head, & he lies fast asleep. \*

sometimes think that never blows so red \* \* \* The Rose as wheresome buried Cæsar bled; \* That every Hyacinth the Garden wears \* \* \* Dropt in its Sap from some once lovely Head.

ND this delightful Herb whose tender Green \* Fledges the Rivers Lip on which we lean -\*Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows \*\* \*From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

H, my Belovéd. fill the Cup that clears \*\* \* Today of past Regrets and future Fears— \* To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be \* \* Myself with Yesterday's Sevn Thousand Years. \*

O! some we loved, the loveliest & the best #ThatTime & Fate of all their Vintage prest, \* Have drunk their Gup a Round or Two before, \*And one by one crept silently to Rest.

ND we, that now make merry in the Room \* They left, & Summer dresses in new Bloom, \* Our-selves must we beneath the Couch of \* Descend, ourselves to make a (ouch-for whom?

H, make the most of what we yet may spend, \* \* Before we too into the Dust descend; # Dust into Dust, & under Dust, to lie, \* # Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, &-sans End!

LIKE for those who for Today prepare, & And those that after a To-morrow stare. \* A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries \*"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"

HY, all \* the Saints & Sages who discuss'd \* Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust \* [ike foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn \* \*Are scatter'd, & their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

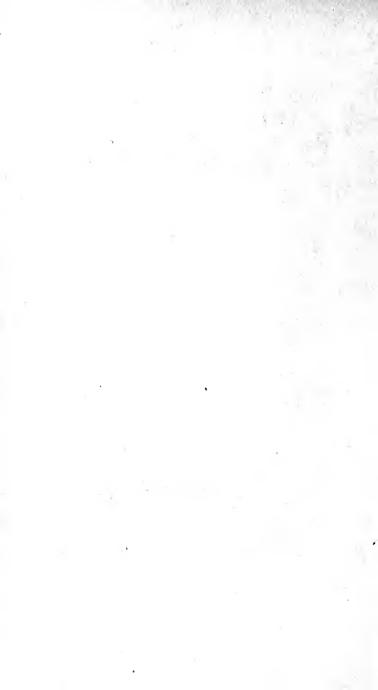
H, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise \* To talk; one thing is certain, that life flies; \* One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies; \* The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

## XXVII

YSELF when young did eagerly frequent 44. \* Doctor and Saint, & heard great Argument \* About it and about: but evermore \* \* \* Came out by the same Door as in I went. \*

ITH them\_ the Seed of Wisdom did I sow, \* And with my own hand labourd it to grow: \* And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd-\*I came like Water, and like Wind I go."









NTO this Universe, and why not knowing,

\* Nor whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing:

\*\* And out of it, as

Wind along the Waste,

\*\* I know not whither:

willy-nilly blowing.

HAT, with out asking, hither hurried whence? \* And without asking, whither hurried hence! \* Another & another Cup to drown \* \* \* The memory of this Impertinence! \*

P from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate \*\* \* I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate, \* And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;\* \* But not the Knot of Human Death & Fate.

XXXII HERE was a Door to \* which I found no Key: ★ There was a Veil past which I could not see; \* Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee \* There seemed - & then no more of Thee & Me.

HEN to the rolling Heaven itself I cried, \*\* \* Asking, What Lamp had Destiny to quide "Her little Children stumbling in the Dark? \* And-"A blind Understanding!"Heavn replied.

HEN to \* this earthen Bowl did I adjourn \* My lip the secret Well of life to learn: \* And lip to lip it mur mur'd-"While you live \*"Drink-for once dead you never shall return?

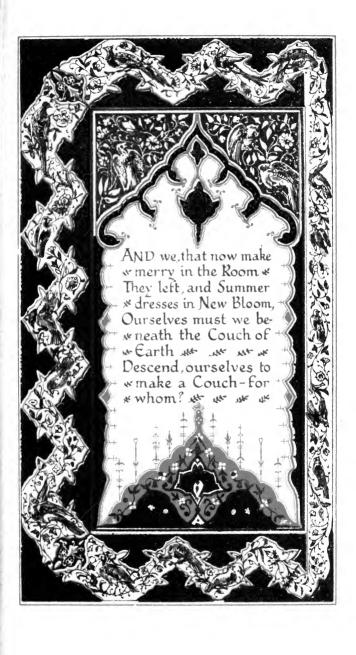
THINK the-Vessel, that with fugitive \* \* \* Articulation answer'd. once did live, \*\* \* \* And merry-make; & the cold liplkiss'd \* \* How many Kisses might it take-& give!

OR in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day, & \* I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet (Lay: \* And with its all \* obliterated Tonque \* It murmur'd-Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

H, fill the Cup:-what boots it to repeat \* \* How Time is slipping underneath our Feet: \* Unborn Tomorrow and dead Yesterday, \* Why fret about them if Today be sweet!

## XXXVIII

NE Moment in Annihilation's Waste, \*\* \*\* & One Moment of the Well of life to taste— # The stars are setting and the Caravan \*\* \* Starts for the Dawn of Nothing-Oh, make haste!









XXXXX

OW long, how long, in definite Pursuit & Of This & That endeavour & dispute? \* Better be merry with the fruitful Grape \* Than sadder after none, orbitter, Fruit.

OU know, my Friends, how long since in my House-\* For a new Marriage I did make Carouse: \* Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed, \* And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

OR "Is" and "Is not"though with Rule and Line, \* And "Up-and-down" without, I could define, \* I yet in all I only cared to know \* \* \* Was never deep in anything but-Wine.

ND lately, 5 by the \* Tavern Door agape. & Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape \* Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and \*\* \* He bid me taste of it; and 'twas-the Grape!

HE Grape that can with Logic absolute \* The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute: \* The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice \* \* \* sife's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

HE mighty x Mahmud, the Victorious Lord, \*That all the misbeleaving & black Horde \* Of Fears & Sorrows that infest the Soul & Scatters & slays with his enchanted Sword.

UT leave the Wise to wranqle, and with me \* \* The Quarrel of the Universe let be: \* \* \* And in some corner of the Hubbub coucht. & Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

XLVI OR in and out, above, about, below, \*Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show, \* Played in a Box whose Candle is the Sun, \* \* Round which we Phan-

tom Figures come & go.

ND if the Wine you drink, the lip you press, \* \* End in the Nothing all Things end in-Yes-\*Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what \*Thou shalt be-Nothing-Thou shalt not be less.

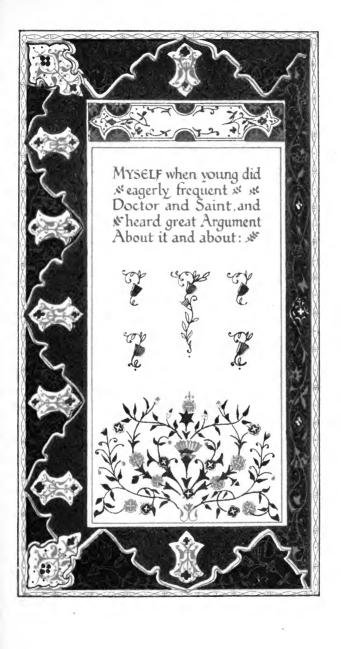
HILE the Rose blows along the River Brink, \* With old Khayyam. the Ruby Vintage drink: \* And when the Angelwith his darker Draught \* \* Draws up to Thee-take that, & do not shrink.

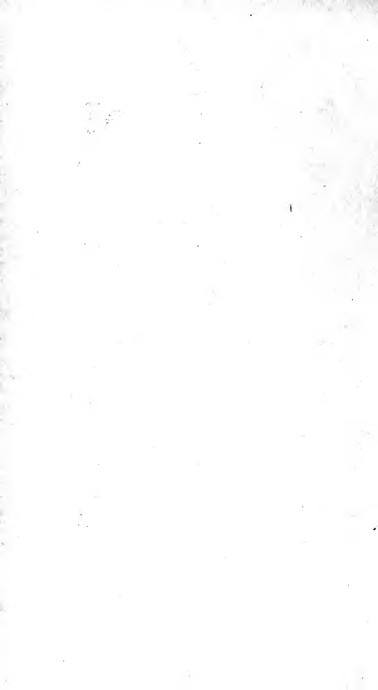
XLIX IS all a\_n Chequer-board of Nights and Days \* Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays; \* Hither and thither moves, & mates, & slays, \* And one by one back. in the Closet lays. \*\*\*

HE Ball no Question makes of Ayes & Noes, \* But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes; \* And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field, \* He knows about it all-He knows-HE knows!

HE Moving Finger writes; and, having writ, \*\* Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit \* \* Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, \* Nor all thy Tears wash out a word of it.

ND that inverted Bowl we call The Sky, \*\*\* \*Whereunder crawling coopit we live and die, \* Lift not thy hands to It for help—for It & Rolls impotently on as Thou or I. \*\*









ITH Earth's first Clay They did the last Mansknead, \* And then of the last Harvest sow'd the Seed: \* Yea, the first Morning of Greation wrote , \*\* # What the last Dawn of Reckoning shall Read.

TELL Thee this-When, starting from the Goal, \* Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal & Of Heav'n Parwin & Mushtari they flung, \* In my predestin'd Plot of Dust & Soul.

LV

HE Vine had struck a Fibre; which about \* If clings my Beinglet the Súfi flout; \* # OF my Base Metal may be filed a Key, 3 \* That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

ND this I know: whether the one true Light, \* \* Kindle to Sove, or Wrath consume me quite, \* \*One Glimpse of It with in the Tavern caught \* Better than it the Temple lost outright.

H, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin \* Beset the Road I was to wander in. \* Thou wilt not with Predestination round \* Enmesh me, & impute my Fall to Sin?

H, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make, & \* And who with Eden didst devise the Snake: & For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man. Is blacken'd, Man's forgiveness give-&take!

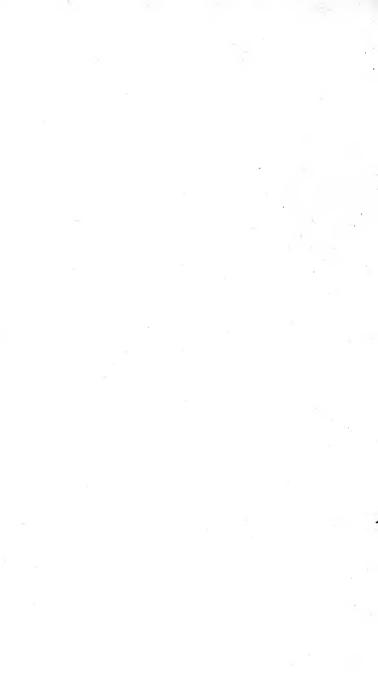
# KÚZA-NÁMA #

ISTEM again. One Evening at the Close \* Of Ramazán, erethe better Moon arose, \* In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone \* \*With the Clay Population round in Rows.

ND, strange to tell, amonq the Earthen Lot so \* Some could articulate, while others not: \* And suddenly one more impatient cried-"Who is the Potter, pray, & who the Pot?"

HEN said another-"Surely not in vain \*"My substance from the common Earth was ta'en, "That He who subtly, wrought me into Shape \* Should stamp me back to common Earth again."









NOTHER said-Why, ne'er a peevish Boy., Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy: \* "Shall He that made the Vessel in pure Love \* "And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy!"

ONE answerd this; but \* after Silence spake \* \* A Vessel of a moreungainly Make: \* "They sneer at mefor leaning all awry; "What! did the hand then of the Potter shake? LXIV

AID one— Folks of a surly Tapster tell, \* \* And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell; \*They talk of some strict testing of us-Dish! \* He's a Good Fellow, & 'twill all be well."

HEN said another with a long drawn Sigh, \*"My Clay with long oblivion is gonedry: \*"But, fill me with the old familiar Juice, \* \* "Methinks I might recover by and bye. "x

O while the Vessels one by one were speaking, \* One spied the little Crescent all were seeking: \* And then they joggd each other, Brother, Brother! \* "Hark to the Potter's Shoulder-knot a-cracking!

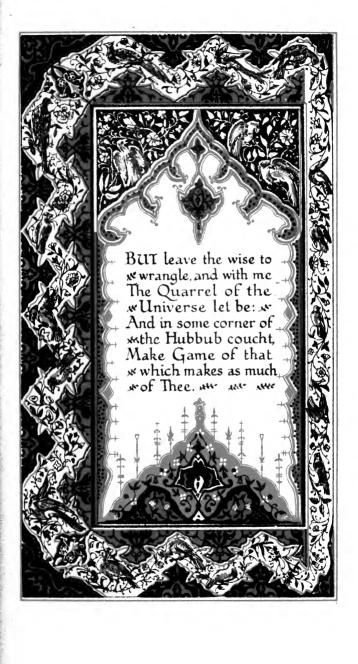


H, with the Grape my tiding Life provide, ¥ And wash my Body whence the life has died, \* And in a Winding sheet of Vine-leaf wrapt \* So bury me by some sweet Garden side.

HAT ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare \* Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air; \* As not a True Believer passing by \* \* But shall be overtaken unaware. Mr

NDEED the Idols I have loved so long \* \* Have done my Credit in Men's Eyes much wrong: \* Have drown'd my 3 Honour in a Shallow Cup, \* And sold my Reputation for a Song. \*

NDEED, indeed, Repentanceoft before \*\*\*\* \* I swore—but was I sober when Iswore? \* And then & then came Spring, & Rose-in-hand \* My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.









ND much as Wine has play'd the Infidel, \* And robbid me of my Robe of Honour-well, \*\* I often wonder what the Vintners buy \* One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

LAS, that Spring should vanish with the Rose! \*\* \*\* \*That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close! \* The Nightingale that in the Branches sang, \* Ah, whence, & whither flown again, who knows!

H, Love! could. thou and I with Fate conspire \* To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire, \*\* Would not we shatter it to bits - & then \* Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

H. Moon of my Delight who knowst no wane, At The Moon of Heavin is rising once again: \* \* How oft hereafter rising shall she look \* Through this same Garden after me-in vain!

ND when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass \* Among the Guests Starscatter'd on the Grass, \* And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot \* Where I made one-turn down an empty Glass!

## TAMÁM SHUD

### VOCABULARY



#### **VOCABULARY**

- ALIF, (L) Ah-lif. Name of the first letter in the Persian alphabet; the only vowel written.
- ALLAH, (LX) Al-lâh. Arabic name for the Lord God. AMÍR. (note 10) A-meér. Arabic for Prince; in com-
- position, as amiru'ddeula, grand vizir (wazir).
  ATTÁR, (note 14) Attawr. A famous Persian Poet,
- Farrîd-uddîn Attâr, author of the Bird Parliament, partly paraphrased by Edward FitzGerald.
- BAHRÁM GÓR, (XVIII) Bah-rawm Goor. Ancient Persian king and hunter.
- CARAVANSERAI, (XVII) Karwawn-sar-ah-ee. Hotel of the Caravan.
- DÁNAD, (note 22) Daw-nad. Third person singular of dân to know.
- FÁNÚSI KHIYÁL (note 21) Faw-noo-see-Khe-yawl. Magic lantern.
- FERRÁSH, (XLV) Far-rawsh. A servant, tent-pitcher. HÁTIM TAI, (X) Haw-tim Ty. A mythical king, type of generosity.
- HIJRA, (note 2) Arabic *Hedjra*, flight. The flight of Mahomet from which Mussulmans date, June 16, 622.
- IRAM, (v) Ee-ram. The Arabian garden fabled to have been planted by Shaddâd bin 'Ad. See Sale's Koran, chapter lxxxix: note.
- JAMSHYD, (v) Jam-sheed. Amythical king of the Peshdadian dynasty. The ruins of his palace at Persepolis are still shown.
- KAIKHOSRÚ, (X) Ky-kooz-row. Persian for King Cyrus. KAIKOBÁD, (IX) Ky-ko-bawd. A mythical king.
- KHUSRAW, (note 10) Kooz-row. Persian for Chosroes, a common royal name. Sanskrit Susravas, famous.
- KUZA-NÁMA, (in ed. I, a title prefixed to quatrains LIX-LXVI) *Kooza-nawma*. Book of Pots, or Pot-book. See LXXXII-XC.

#### OMAR KHAYYÁM

MÁH, (LI) Maw. The moon. The Arabs pronounce it Mak.

MÁHI, (LI) Maw-hi. Fish.

МАНМÚD, (XI) Mah-mood. A common name among Orientals corresponding to Muhammad or Mahomet.

Muezzín, (xxv) Moo-ez-zeen. Anglicized from Arabic word meaning "he who calls to prayer."

MUSHTARÍ, (LXXV) Moosh-tah-ree. The planet Jupiter. NAISHÁΡŮR, (VIII) Ny-(or Nee) shaw-poor. In modern Persian, Nishābûr. The famous city of Khorasân, home of Omar.

NAW Rooz, (note 2) Naw Rooz. The Persian New Year's day.

OMAR KHAYYAM, (by purists spelt 'Umar: the apostrophe indicating the breathing 'ain which might be represented by gh, as in high) Ghoomar Kyyawm. Khayyam signifies Tent-maker. This may or may not have been a family trade.

PARWÍN, (LXXV) Par-ween. The Pleiades.

Pehleví, (vi) Pah-hla-vee. The official language of the Sassanian dynasty, with a special script. Later middle Persian still free from Semitic influence is called Parsî; modern Persian is called Farsî.

RAMAZÁN, (LXXXII) Ram-a-dawn or Ram-a-thawn.
The ninth Muslim month, devoted to fasting.

RUBÁIYÁT, Roo-baw-(gh)-ee-yawt. Plural of Arabic Rubá'i a quatrain, four lines.

Rustum, (x) Roos-tam. Rustam, a mythical Persian hero, son of Zál.

SAKÍ, (XLVI) Saw-kee. A cup-bearer.

SHÁH-NÁMA, (note 7) Shawh-nawma. "Book of Kings," by Abul-qaîsm Hasan Ahmad, known as Firdausi.

SHEIKH, (note 24) Arabic Sheekh. An old man, hence atitle of respect; Sheikh-u'l-islam, chiefofreligion.

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#### **VOCABULARY**

- SUBHI KAZIB, (note I) Soo-bhee Kawzib. The false
- SUBHI SÁDIK, (note 1) Soo-bhi Saw-dik. The true dawn.
- SÚFI, (LXXXVII) Soo-fee. A sect which read esoteric meanings into all poetry,
- SULTÁN, (1) Sool-tawn. Arabic Sultân, a king. The King of Persia is Shâh, (Shawh) Padeshâh or Shâhinshâh.
- TAMÁM, (Ist ed. TAMÁM SHUD) Tah-mawm Shood.
  The end. The very end.
- ZÁL, (X) Zawl. Father of Rustam.

The accent in Persian words is regularly on the last syllable. These areapproximately the pronunciation in *modern* Persian, but as Omar's own pronunciation is utterly unknown and was undoubtedly very different, the ordinary Anglicized use of the words is to be recommended.

N. H. D.



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